Ber. This is not ſo well as I looked for, but the beſt that euer I heard.

Fer. I the beſt, for the woſt. But ſirra, What ſay you to this?

Clo. Sir I confeſſe the Wench.

Fer. Did you heare the Proclamation?

Clo. I do confeſſe much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

Fer. It was proclaymed a yeeres impriſonment to be taken with a Wench.

Clo. I was taken with none ſir, I was taken with a Demſel.

Fer. Well, it was proclaimed Damſel.

Clo. This was no Damſel neither ſir, ſhe was a Virgin.

Ber. It is ſo varried to, for it was proclaimed Virgin.

Clo. If it were, I denie her Virginitie: I was taken with a Maide.

Fer. This Maide will not ſerue your turne ſir.

Col. This Maide will ſerue my turne ſir.

Fer. Sir I will pronounce your ſentence: You ſhall faſt a weeke with Branne and Water.

Clo. I had rather pray a month with Mutton & Porridge.

Fer. And *Don Armado* ſhall be your keeper.
My Lord *Berovvne*, ſee him deliuered ore,
And goe we Lordes to put in practiſe that,
Which each to other hath ſo ſtrongly ſworne.

Bero. Ile lay my Head to any good mans Hat,
Theſe othes and lawes will proue an idle ſcorne.
Surra, Come on.

Clo. I ſuffer for the trueth ſir: for true it is, I was taken with *Iaquenetta*, and *Iaquenetta* is a trew girle, and therefore welcome the ſower Cup of proſperie, affliccio may one day ſmile againe, and till then ſit thee downe ſorrow. *Exeunt.*

Enter Armado and Moth his page.

Armado. Boy, What ſigne is it when a man of great ſpirite growes melancholy?

Boy. A great ſigne ſir that he will looke ſadd.

Ar. Why? ſadnes is one & the ſelfe ſame thing deare imp.

Boy. No no, O Lord ſir no.

Arm. How canſt thou part ſadnes and melancholy, my tender Iuuenall?

Boy. By a familier demonſtration of the working, my tough ſigneor.

Arma. Why tough ſigneor? Why tough ſigneor?

Boy. Why tender iuuenall? Why tender iuuenall?

Arm. I ſpoke it tender iuuenal, as a congruent apethaton apperteining to thy young dayes, which we may nominate tender.

Boy. And I tough ſigneor, as an appertinent title to your olde time, which we may name tough.

Arma. Prettie and apt.

Boy. How meane you ſir, I prettie, and my ſaying apt? or I apt, and my ſaying prettie?

Arma. Thou prettie becauſe little.

Boy. Little prettie, becauſe little: wherefore apt.

Arma. And therfore apt, becauſe quicke.

Boy. Speake you this in my praiſe Maiſter?

Arma. In thy condigne praiſe.

Boy. I will praiſe an Eele with the ſame praiſe.

Arma. What? that an Eele is ingenious.

Boy. That an Eele is quicke.

Arma. I do ſay thou art quicke in anſweres. Thou heatſt my blood.

Boy. I am anſwerd ſir.

Arma. I loue not to be croſt.

Boy. He ſpeakes the meer contrarie, croſſes loue not him.

Ar. I haue promiſed to ſtudie three yeeres with the duke.

Boy. You may do it in an houre ſir.

Arma. Impoſſible.

Boy. How many is one thrice tolde?

Arm. I am ill at reckning, it fitteth the ſpirit of a Tapſter.

Boy. You are a Gentleman and a Gamſter ſir.

Arma. I confeſſe both, they are both the varniſh of a compleat man.

Boy. Then I am ſure you know how much the groſſe ſumme of deuſ-ace amountes to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more then two.